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Wayland, Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> 1860.

Dear Friend,

I don't know what possessed you to write to me at Cambridge. I merely had the idea of stopping at my brother's an hour or two, on my way home, after the Fair. I can not afford you any assistance in the culinary department. I never ask a relation for anything. That is a standing rule with me. I don't know a person in the "varsal world," with whom I should feel at liberty to ask for a cake.

I don't think I understand the arrangements very well. The fact is, I am stupid about such things; and I never tried to acquire any skill, because I always thought you had such a decided talent that way, that it was your "manifest destiny" to lead, and mine to obey. If I have any need of ribbon cockades, I prefer brown centre relieved on white; or brown alone, if it be not too quiet a color to be sufficiently conspicuous for your purpose.

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